

STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 162

24p



THE D TEAM

BATTLEWORLD

STARBLAZER

As the 23rd Century progressed, the Earth Federation fought three major wars, against the Bargez, Asur and Shabot. Unknown to Earth, a fourth nation, the power hungry Choth from a far off system waited patiently to step in once the factions had exhausted themselves. With Earth forces thin, there was nothing to stop the Choth except maybe the reluctant heroes of The Suicide Squad — better known as a death squad, or . . .

THE D TEAM

FAR OUT IN SPACE, JUST BEHIND THE FRONT LINE, AN EARTH COLONY, ALPHA MERCURY, WAS THE FIRST PLANET TO FEEL THE MURDEROUS HAND OF THE CHOTH.

EARTH TERMINAL? . . . WE ARE UNDER ATTACK. WE NEED HELP!



BACK ON EARTH, THE PLEA WAS HEARD.

WE MUST HELP, IF ONLY TO BUY TIME! IT'S NOT GOING TO BE EASY TO STOP THE CHOTH. WE COULDN'T ASSEMBLE A TASK FORCE QUICK ENOUGH TO HOLD THEM UP!



NO . . . BUT WE COULD SEND MARTIN AND HIS SQUAD.

YOUR LITTLE PETS — THOSE SUICIDE MANIACS, MARTIN, HENRY AND GEE . . . ?
MMM . . . NOT A BAD IDEA.



THE ORDER WAS ISSUED, AND THE TRIO WERE TOLD TO REPORT IMMEDIATELY.



NOT EXACTLY! HE MANAGED TO GET SOME LEAVE — HE'S SPENDING IT ON ALPHA MERCURY.

IN A FRIGATE THEY HEADED FOR ALPHA MERCURY.



WE'RE HALFWAY TO MERC AND YOU STILL CAN'T RAISE THEM?

NO! THIS RADIO SILENCE IS A BAD SIGN. I'M GOING TO LOOK AT OUR NEW WEAPONS.

THEY SUDDENLY ENCOUNTERED A MERC SCOUT PURSUED BY A CHOTH CRUISER.

CONTACT . . . CONTACT!



GIHINNA! IT'S HIT.

TEN OUT OF TEN FOR OBSERVATION ! I'LL
GET ONE OF THOSE WEAPONS WORKING.



HENRY PUT THE FIRST THING HE COULD FIND ON LINE . . . AND IT CAUSED CONFUSION ON THE CHOTH SHIP.



Where in Thath did they come from? I swear there was only one.

HENRY HAD USED A REPRODUCATOR, A HOLOGRAPHIC DEVICE USED TO CONFUSE THE CHOTH BY PRODUCING MULTIPLE IMAGES OF THEIR FRIGATE.



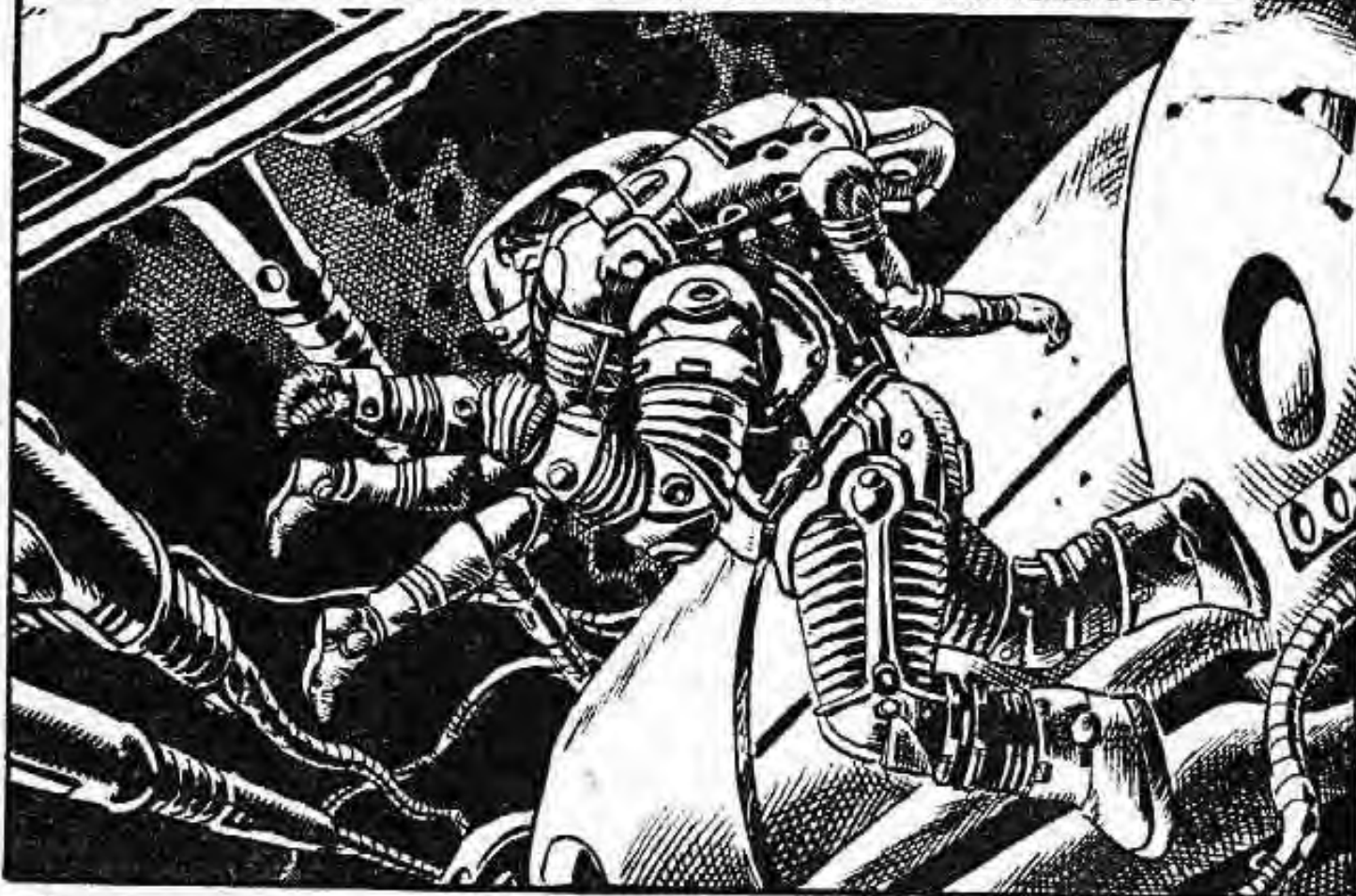
THOSE CHOTH WILL PROBABLY FIRE AT THE WRONG SHIP, WHILE I AM COOKING THEM.

THE CHOTH AIMED AT THE NEAREST "STARSTREAKER" — A BAD CHOICE, AND THEIR LAST ONE.



CHECK THE SCOUT — WE MUST SEE
WHETHER THE PILOT IS DEAD OR NOT.

HENRY RESCUED THE ARMOUR CLAD, WOUNDED PILOT FROM THE SHATTERED SCOUT —

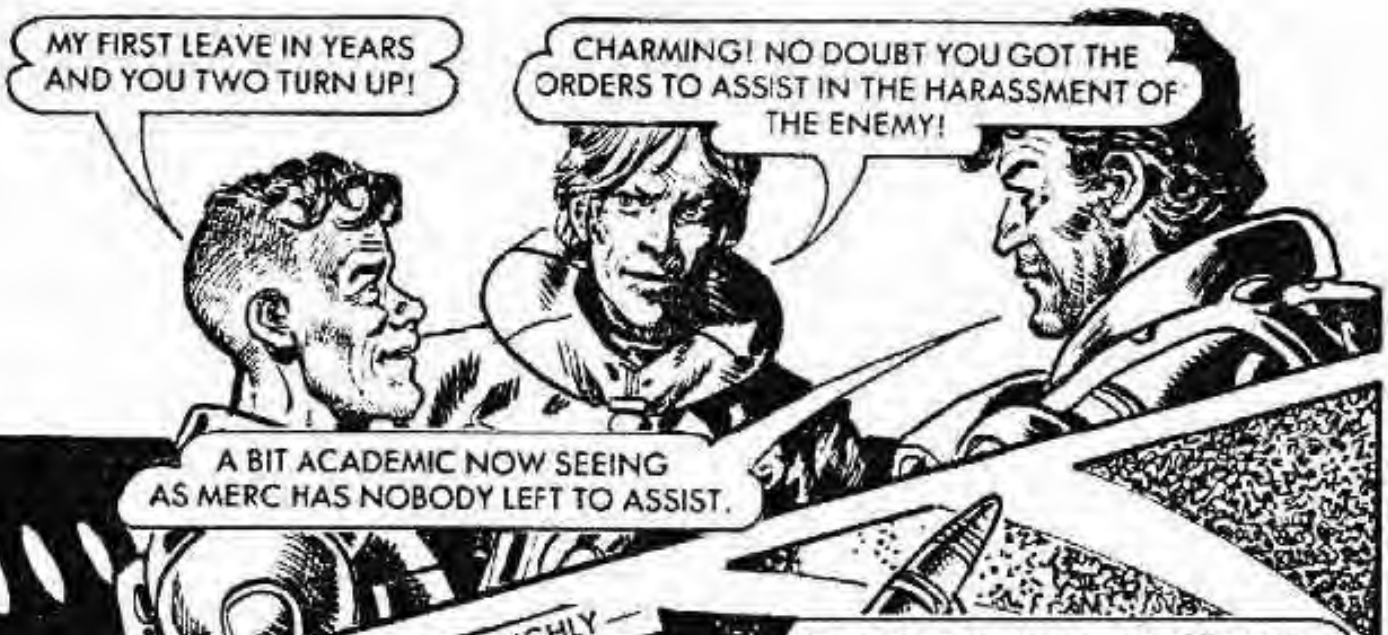


BACK ON THE FRIGATE —



WHAT TOOK
YOU SO LONG?

GUESS WHO IT IS?

A black and white comic panel showing three men in a cockpit. The man on the left is looking towards the other two. The man in the middle is looking forward. The man on the right is looking towards the man in the middle.

MY FIRST LEAVE IN YEARS
AND YOU TWO TURN UP!

CHARMING! NO DOUBT YOU GOT THE
ORDERS TO ASSIST IN THE HARASSMENT OF
THE ENEMY!

A BIT ACADEMIC NOW SEEING
AS MERC HAS NOBODY LEFT TO ASSIST.

IT'S OBVIOUS THAT OUR ORIGINAL
ORDERS WILL HAVE TO BE SCRUBBED.

THEY DISCUSSED THE POSITION THOROUGHLY —

GOOD! LET'S GO
SOMEWHERE QUIET.

I WISH WE COULD — EXCEPT WE'D BE
DESERTERS. ANYWAY, THERE'S A CHOTH
FLEET CUTTING OFF OUR EXIT ROUTE.

THE CHOTH SPACEFORCE COULD WIPE
US OUT EASILY — WHY AREN'T THEY
ATTACKING?

THEY'RE GOING TO FORCE US TOWARDS
THE CHOTH EMPIRE. THEY WANT US
ALIVE FOR SOME REASON.




FAST CHOOTH SCOUTS MADE SURE THAT
THE STARSTREAKER COULDN'T BREAK
FOR FREE SPACE.

STARSTREAKER FLED THROUGH THE FIELDS OF BROKEN WORLDS
DRIFTING LAZILY ON THE EDGE OF THE ALPHA SYSTEM.

GEE — PUT HER DOWN
ON THAT ASTEROID.




STARSTREAKER THUMPED TO A HALT ON THE ASTEROID.



IT WILL HIDE US A WHILE. HELP
ME GET OUT THIS ENERGY REFLECTOR.

A black and white comic book illustration showing a sleek, futuristic spacecraft, the Starstreaker, resting on a jagged, rocky asteroid surface. The background is a dark, star-filled space.



IF THE CHOTH DON'T MISS US, THIS
ENERGY REFLECTOR SHOULD TAKE CARE
OF THEM.

A black and white comic book illustration showing two astronauts in full space suits on the surface of an asteroid. One astronaut is in the foreground, looking towards the right. The other is partially visible on the left. In the background, several small, round, alien-like creatures (Choth) are floating in the air. The asteroid's surface is rocky and uneven.




WELL, THEY HAVEN'T
MISSED US.

BUT THE FIRST ENERGY BOLT ACTIVATED THE REFLECTOR.




ONE CHOTH PILOT WAS COMPLETELY BEWILDERED.



**EEAI! My energy bolt
is hurled back at me!**


THE SHIP DISINTEGRATED —



WE COULD MAKE A RUN FOR IT BACK TO
EARTH, BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHY THEY
DIDN'T JUST KILL US. HEAD FOR CHOTH.


YOU'RE CRAZY! WHY NOT ACCEPT THEY
DON'T WANT TO KILL US AND BEAT IT.

BUT STEVE CONVINCED GEE THAT THEY HAD TO CONTINUE.



OKAY, STEVE . . . I DON'T LIKE IT, BUT I REALISE THAT AS LONG AS THIS WAR CONTINUES WE'LL BE SENT INTO SITUATIONS LIKE THIS . . . SUICIDE. MAYBE, JUST MAYBE, WE CAN FINISH THIS WAR ONCE AND FOR ALL.

USING A CAREFULLY PLOTTED ROUTE THEY ARRIVED UNSEEN JUST OUTSIDE SCAN RANGE.




OKAY — NOW WE'RE HERE, HOW DO WE GET DOWN UNSEEN.

WE CAN'T! BUT 0.0014 TRONS OF LIGHTSPEED WILL MAKE US TOO FAST FOR PROPER SCANNER IDENTIFICATION!

STARSTREAKER'S ARRIVAL WAS MORE SPECTACULAR THAN PLANNED, AS THE POWERDIVE ENDED AMONGST THE CLOUDTOUCHERS OF THE CHOTH CAPITAL.






NOT THE BEST OF PLACES TO LAND, BUT
IT'LL DO. GET INTO THE LIFEBOAT, CHAPS.

THEY BLASTED FREE OF THE DOOMED STARSTREAKER —




AS THEY SEARCHED FOR A PLACE TO LAND, A CHO'TH PATROL LATCHED ONTO THEIR TAIL




WE'VE BEEN HIT BY
A SONIC BEAM.

YOU DON'T SAY! CONCENTRATE ON
GETTING DOWN, STEVE.

BUT STEVE COULDN'T CONTROL THE ANGLE OF DESCENT —



I'M GOING INTO
THAT LAKE!



I'M SAVING POWER TO LIFT THE NOSE AT
THE LAST MOMENT. IF THAT FAILS —
GOODNIGHT! IT'S BEEN NICE KNOWING
YOU!

STEVE MANAGED TO BELLYFLOP THE LIFEBOAT, WHICH IMMEDIATELY BROKE UP. —

YOU KNOW, I THINK I PREFERRED BEING
IN MILITARY PRISON TO THIS.

STEVE CHANNELLED THE MASSMOVER BEAM
THROUGH THE LIFEBOAT'S EMERGENCY SIGNAL
SYSTEM —

THE MASSMOVER'S MADE THEM
HEAVIER THAN AIR . . . COME ON,
LET'S GET OUT OF HERE.





THE CHOTH WILL BE HERE IN FORCE SOON. WE'VE GOT FIVE MINUTES TO DREAM UP A DEFENCE.

WITH THIS LOT . . . THE MASSMOVER'S TOO TEMPERAMENTAL — I THINK WE SHOULD RESIGN.

ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE LAKE —



We have sustained too many casualties — I'll take no more chances. We must force them into the open.

MEANWHILE, STEVE HAD
FOUND SOMETHING—

MMM! WITH THIS
I THINK WE HAVE A CHANCE.

STEVE HAD FOUND CRYOTABLETS—

ALL WEARING THE BARRIER
HELMETS? RIGHT — HERE GOES!

CRYOTABLETS WERE DESIGNED TO "FREEZE" WOUNDED WHILE OPERATIONS COULD BE
CARRIED OUT. THE BODY HAD NO FEELING BUT THE MIND REMAINED ACTIVE.

HENRY FIRED THE TABLETS FROM A PHASER—

OKE — WE JUST
WAIT NOW!

THE TABLETS ACTIVATED ON CONTACT WITH ANY MOISTURE, AND SOON —

What happens . . . my
body is not mine?



THE TRIO CROSSED THE LAKE AND STEVE
SOUGHT OUT THE OFFICER-IN-CHARGE—

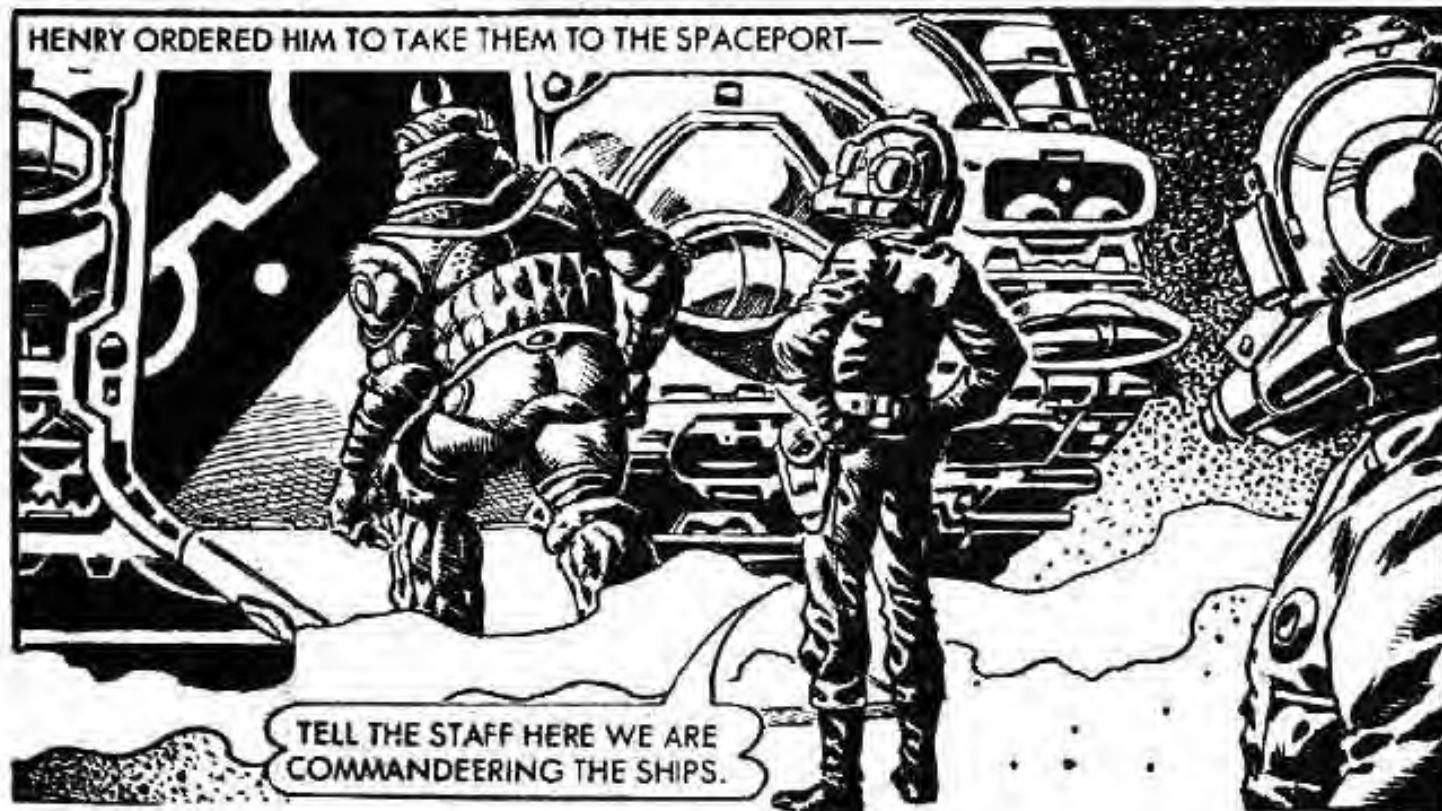
HIS NERVOUS SYSTEM IS SUPPRESSED, AND
HE IS TALKING GIBBERISH.



THEIR TRANSLATOR PACKS MADE CONTACT WITH THE ENEMY POSSIBLE—



HENRY ORDERED HIM TO TAKE THEM TO THE SPACEPORT—



AT THE SPACEPORT THEY SELECTED A FEW CRAFT.

THEY'RE STILL OBEYING ME . . .
BUT FOR HOW MUCH LONGER!



THEY BLASTED OFF, AND AS THEY CIRCLED THE PLANET—

BLAST! THE CHOTH HOME
FLEET IS SPACEBORNE.



I HOPED WE MIGHT CATCH THEM
GROUNDED. TOO LATE TO TURN BACK NOW.



UNAWARE THAT THE CRAFT WERE IN ENEMY HANDS THE CHOTH ADMIRAL RECEIVED A SHOCK—



THE ADMIRAL'S SHIP WAS REDUCED
TO COSMIC DUST —

THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE
CAUGHT THEM OUT!



BUT WHILE THE TRIO FOUGHT —

IT'S OVER! THEY ARE BADLY
DAMAGED, AND IN DISARRAY.



THE HEAT OF BATTLE HAD REDUCED THE TRIO'S VIGILANCE, AND THE CHOTH COLONEL HAD SLOWLY RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE CRYOTABLET—



GEE FUSED THE DOORLOCK WITH A LOW-ENERGY BEAM, AND THE BATTLE FOR THE FLIGHTDECK BEGAN.





A HOLE WAS MADE, AND THE CHOTH BLASTED AT THE GAP—



THEN A CHOTH TROOPER MADE A BIG MISTAKE. HE THREW A SONIC GRENADE.



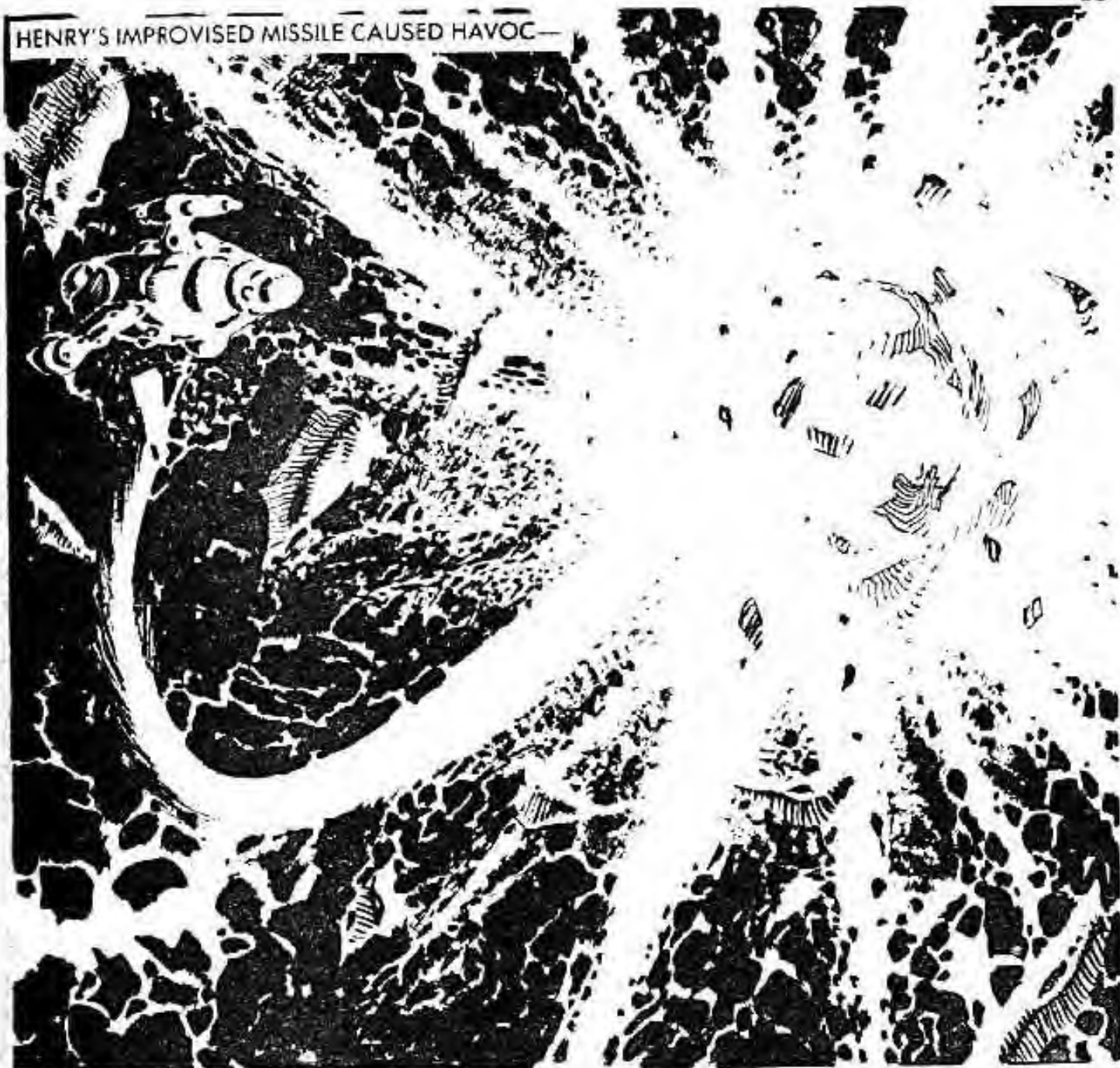
STEVE HAD SET UP A LATTICE WORK OF LASER ROPE TO PREVENT ANYTHING COMING THROUGH—

THE GRENADE BOUNCED BACK . . . AND EXPLODED.





HENRY'S IMPROVISED MISSILE CAUSED HAVOC—

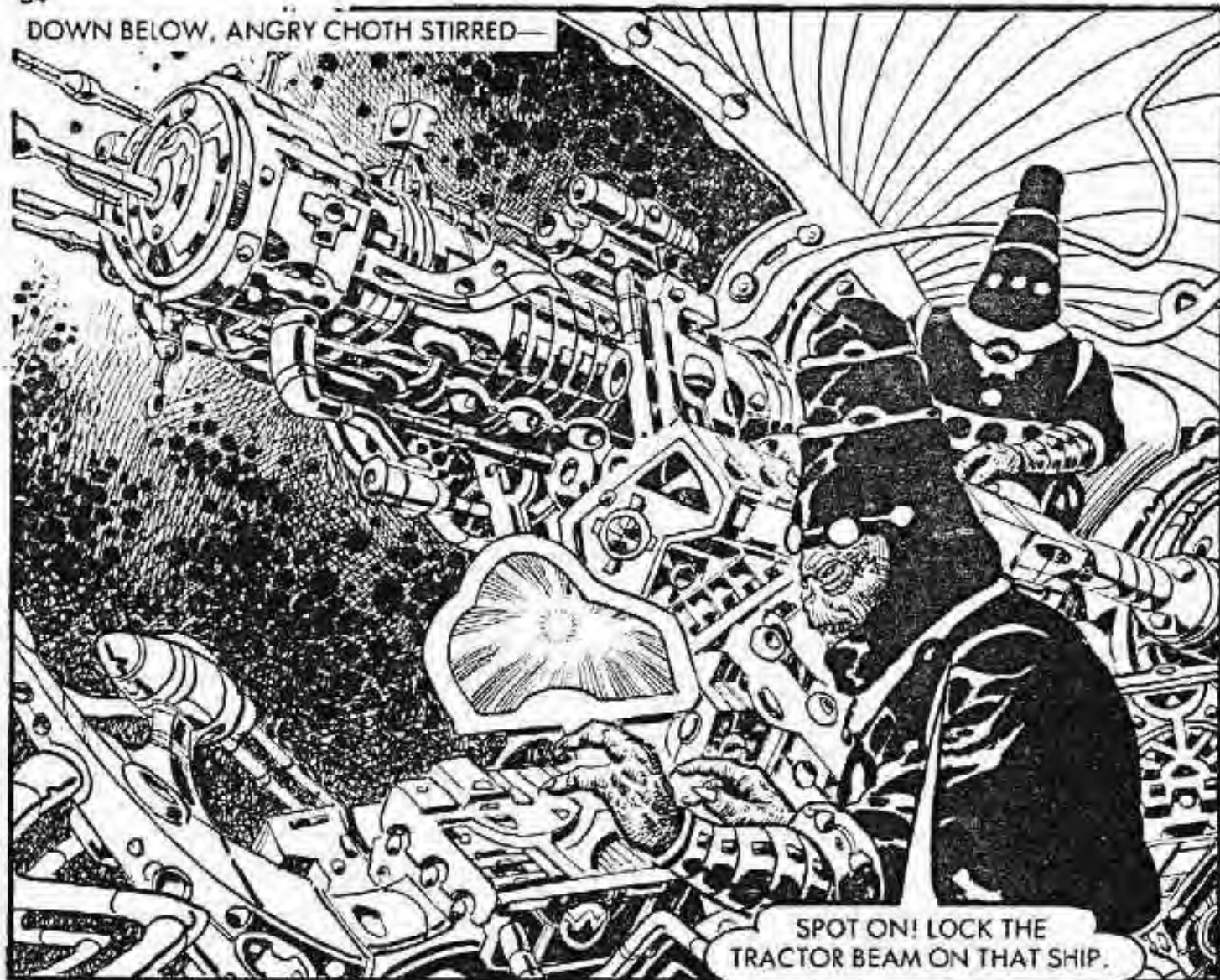


STEVE LOCKED THE CRAFT IN ORBIT —

NOW WHAT'S
GOING TO HAPPEN?



DOWN BELOW, ANGRY CHOTH STIRRED—



ON BOARD THE CAPTURED SHIP —

WE'RE LOSING
HEIGHT RAPIDLY.



THE TRACTOR BEAM PULLED THEM DOWN.

ONLY HAND WEAPONS
COULD BE SAVED—



GET TO THE LIFEBOAT WHILE I
SET THIS THING TO SELF-DESTRUCT.

AS THE CHOTH CRAFT WAS DRAWN STEADILY DOWNWARDS, THE THREE ALLIES PREPARED TO
ABANDON SHIP—



THEY ACCELERATED AWAY FROM THE TRACTION FIELD, WITH THE BEAM STILL PULLING THEM DOWNWARDS.



PRIMA! WE ARE CLEAR! AND
THERE GOES THE CHOTH SHIP!

THE LIFEBOAT WAS POWERED ONLY FOR A FAST DESCENT AND PLANETARY LANDING. THIS BROUGHT THEM CLOSE TO A MIGHTY POWER STATION, WHICH SUPPLIED ALL FORMS OF ENERGY TO THE ENTIRE PLANET.



THEY HAD A BUMPY BUT SAFE LANDING—


WE CAN'T BE MORE THAN A FEW MILES FROM THAT VAST POWER COMPLEX.

IT WILL BE WELL GUARDED, AND ANY MOMENT NOW THEY WILL BE UPON US.


BEFORE THEY COULD GATHER THEIR WITS, CHOTH FIGHTERS CLOSED IN.

AH, WELL, THIS LOOKS LIKE THE END. WE'VE ONLY HAND WEAPONS LEFT.

THE THREE PREPARED TO SELL THIER LIVES DEARLY—



THAT'S THE LAST OF MY
ARMOUR BUSTERS!



ANYBODY GOT ANY
MORE LASCHARGES?

BUT THE ODDS WERE TOO GREAT —



ARGUMENT!

GEE!

OKE . . . HAND OVER YOUR BLASTERS! I'LL STAY
HERE WHILE YOU GET OUT — NO ARGUMENTS!

GEE, IN GREAT PAIN, TOOK ON THE ADVANCING CHOTH WHILE HIS
FELLOW DEATH TEAM MEMBERS FLEW.



THE CHOTH PILOTS FELL TO GEE'S LAST STAND—

COME ON . . . THERE'S
WATER DOWN THERE!

MARTIN AND HENRY JUMPED —

OH . . . OOO . . . OOO . . .
I CAN'T SWIM!

DON'T WORRY — THE JUMP'LL
PROBABLY KILL YOU!



CHOTH CRAFT SWEEP IN AS HENRY AND
MARTIN DROPPED TO THE SEA.

MEANWHILE, GEE'S ACT WAS COMING TO A
FIGHTING FINISH—





FAR BELOW MARTIN AND HENRY CLUNG TO DRIFTWOOD.

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE HEADING
TOWARDS A DAM OF SOME SORT.

HADES! WHAT NOW?

YOU SURVIVED THE JUMP ...
WHY NOT THIS?

BATTERED AND BUFFETED THE TWO WERE DRAWN DEEP INTO THE COMPLEX.



INSIDE THE COMPLEX, GEE WAS PATCHED UP.

I AM KROT, CHIEF OF SECURITY FORCES, AND YOU, MISERABLE TERRAN, ARE GOING TO TELL ME VARIOUS THINGS.

FINE . . . IN 2204, THE INTERWORLD CUP WAS WON BY SCOTLAND, WHO BEAT GULDENN IN THE FINAL.

BUT GEE CONTINUED TO DEFY THE CHOTH DESPITE BEATINGS—

LORD KROT, WE WILL NOT GET A QUICK ANSWER, HE PASSES OUT TOO OFTEN BEFORE HE WILL SPEAK. WE MUST WAIT FOR THE DRUGS TO WORK.

THE SCOTLAND TEAM WAS CRABB, HAXTON, MCDONAGH, VAN NEDERLAND . . . AAAAH!

EVENTUALLY THE DRUGS DID WORK—

ANOTHER INFUSION OF
M-90 WOULD KILL HIM!

NO MATTER! THE M-90 TRUTH
DRUG HAS MADE HIM REVEAL ENOUGH.

MEANWHILE MARTIN AND HENRY HAD BEEN RIGHT THROUGH THE WATER INTAKE SYSTEM—





WHERE ARE WE?

WELL, IT ISN'T
A JACUZZI!

BUT IT IS A VAT OF
RADIATION-CHARGED
WATER!

HEAVY WATER! THE CHOTH MUST USE IT
IN THEIR NUCLEAR REACTORS. WE'RE
CONTAMINATED.

NO TIME TO BROOD — LET'S
BLOW THIS PLACE TO BITS.

MARTIN DEALT WITH THE CHOTH TECHNICIAN.

THIS SUIT WILL FIT ME — LET'S FIND YOU ONE, HENRY. I KNOW IT'S A BIT LATE FOR PROTECTION, BUT AS LEAST THEY'LL DISGUISE US.

WITH BOTH OF THEM PARTIALLY DISGUISED, THEY SET OUT TO SABOTAGE THE PLANT—

NOW, ALL WE'VE GOT TO DO IS FIGURE OUT A WAY OF DESTROYING THIS PLACE.

SUDDENLY, KLAXONS WENT OFF AND RADIATION RETAINING DOORS BEGAN TO SEAL OFF THE AREA—



THEY HAD STUMBLED ACROSS THE HALF-DEAD
GEE, WHO WAS QUICKLY HELPED.

LEAVE US ALONE FOR FIVE MINUTES
AND LOOK AT THE STATE YOU GET
INTO. COME ON!

... EH ... SHUTTLE
... SECTION 5 ...
SLEEP ... TIRED ...
WANT ... BEDDIE-BYES ...


THANKS TO GEE'S ALMOST
INCOHERENT MUMBLINGS THEY
FOUND A SHUTTLE.

ENGAGE ...

THE SHUTTLE BLASTED OUT AND INTO
THE CHOTH DEFENCE SYSTEMS.



HENRY PRESSED ENOUGH CORRECT BUTTONS TO GET THE CRAFT CLEAR QUICKLY ENOUGH—



GEE HASN'T GOT LONG . . . WE'LL
HAVE TO GET TO MEDCENTRE 4077.

WE'RE HIT. REAR
SHIELD ON 50% POWER.

WE CAN TRANSFER DRIVE POWER TO THE
SHIELDS AND TRY TO SIT IT OUT! MEANTIME
GEE SNUFFS IT. WE TRANSFER SHIELD
POWER TO DRIVE AND HOPE WE REACH
4077 IN TIME. ACTIVATE!

USING A COMPLICATED SYSTEM OF WARP ROUTES AND TIME CROSSROADS, HENRY REACHED THE MEDCENTRE IN TWELVE HOURS REAL TIME—



HERE WE ARE—YOU'D BETTER CALL UP URGENT HELP FOR GEE. . . AND MENTION THAT WE'RE CONTAMINATED.

MEDICAL ATTENTION WAS RAPID AND EFFECTIVE—


LEVELS ARE NOW BELOW DANGER
MARK. . . TAKE THEM TO POST-OP . . .

WHILE GEE WAS UNDER TREATMENT, HENRY AND
MARTIN MADE DETAILED REPORTS.

MARTIN HAD NOTICED VERY CLOSE OBSERVATION, BUT AS GEE WAS ILL, AND THEY
WERE CONTAMINATED, HE THOUGHT NOTHING OF IT—

FEELING BETTER, I TRUST . . .
GOOD, GOOD. ARREST THEM!


WHAT?



YOU LEFT YOUR POSTS . . . YOU'LL BE TRIED AS DESERTERS. WHAT'S WORSE, GEE'S URGENCY TO TELL ALL HE KNEW HAS SERIOUSLY WEAKENED OUR POSITION. YOU'RE ALL CONDEMNED BY YOUR OWN REPORTS.

YOU PIECE OF GARBAGE! I'D LIKE TO SEE HOW MUCH YOU SAID WITH A BELLYFUL OF M-90. AND AS FOR BEING DESERTERS—WE WENT TO CHOTH ON OUR OWN INITIATIVE, BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE THAT COUNTS FOR ANYTHING.

WITH INDECENT HASTE THE TRIO WERE TRIED, FOUND GUILTY AND DULY SENTENCED. LESS THAN 12 HOURS AFTER COMING OUT OF THE MEDBLOCK THEY WERE IN THE EXECUTION CELL.



FUNNY, ISN'T IT! THEY SPEND ALL THAT TIME WITH FANCY TECHNOLOGY BRINGING US BACK FROM THE EDGE OF DEATH. . . NOW THEY'RE GOING TO KILL US!

YEP! IT WAS GOOD OF THEM TO ALLOW US A LITTLE TIME TO PREPARE OUR DEFENCE. . . TWO HOURS!!

LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE. . . WE WON'T BE POSTED TO WAR ZONES ANYMORE.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHT BLINKED ON—



THERE IS TO BE NO APPEAL, SO ALL THAT REMAINS IS FOR ME TO SAY GOODBYE!





AS THE COMMANDER SHOCK HANDS WITH MARTIN HE HAD PASSED OVER A TEMPORAL
WARP—A DEVICE THAT DISTORTED TIME FOR A FEW SECONDS THUS RENDERING SOLID
OBJECTS PASSABLE FOR A BRIEF TIME.





A STARTLED GUARD COULDN'T BELIEVE HIS EYES WHEN A TRIO OF CONDEMNED MEN
APPEARED FROM A SOLID DOOR . . .



AS THEY RACED FOR THEIR ONLY CHANCE OF ESCAPING ALIVE, HENRY ASKED THE QUESTION ON ALL THEIR LIPS—



WHY THE SATURN DID THE COMMANDER
RELEASE US? WE'RE NOTHING TO HIM.

BUT THE ALARM HAD BEEN RAISED AND ALL POSSIBLE
EXITS SEALED—

MAYBE HE WANTED US
TO GO OUT FIGHTING!

—BUT ONE UNEXPECTED EXIT
STILL REMAINED—

GENTLEMEN . . .
THIS WAY!





YOU'RE FULL OF
SURPRISES.

THE COMMANDER'S COMBAT CRAFT
HURTLED INTO THE VACUUM OF
SPACE UNDER A SENSOR SHROUD.

WHERE ARE
WE GOING?

CHOTH!

ONCE SAFELY AWAY
FROM PURSUIT—

RIGHT, SIR. . . I THINK YOU OWE
US A FEW EXPLANATIONS.

YES. I CERTAINLY DO.

THERE ARE TWO REASONS. I AM CONVINCED THAT NEGOTIATIONS WILL BRING PEACE. IT LOOKED AS IF I MIGHT WIN UNTIL MY BITTEREST OPPONENT TWISTED YOUR REPORTS TO CONVINCE OTHERS THAT MY JUDGEMENT COULDN'T BE TRUSTED, AND HAVE ME REMOVED. WITH ME OUT OF THE WAY, HE IS FREE TO WAGE WAR, AND GAIN IMMENSE POWER.

YOU SAID THERE WERE TWO REASONS—WHAT'S THE OTHER?

YOU WERE A FRIEND OF BELLO'S, AND I KNEW HOW MUCH HIS DEATH AFFECTED YOU AFTER THE SHABOT WAR! IT AFFECTED ME TOO. . . HE WAS MY SON! I COULD NOT LET MY SON'S COMRADES DIE. *

NEVER MIND THE CHIT-CHAT . . . HERE COME THE CHOTH.

* SEE OUTPUT NUMBER 75, DOOMROCK.

THE SOLITARY TERRAN CRAFT MOVED INTO AN ATTACKING POSITION—

DON'T WASTE TOO MUCH TIME FIGHTING THESE CRAFT, MISTER HENRY—THERE IS OTHER WORK TO BE DONE.

HENRY LOOSED OFF ONE PHOTON BURST BEFORE DIVING THROUGH
CHOTH'S ATMOSPHERE—

THAT'LL DO—GET DOWN
TO THE SURFACE.

SWITCH INTO AUTO. . . NO
RESPONSE FROM CREW.

THE COMPUTER PULLED THE CRAFT TO SAFETY, AND ONCE THE CREW REVIVED—

OKAY, BOSS,
WHERE NOW?

STILL INSUBORDINATE,
MARTIN—WE'RE GOING TO
DESTROY THAT NUKE BASE YOU
WERE IN.

WHAT GOOD WILL THAT DO? A LOT OF
THEIR INVASION FLEET IS ON ALPHA
MERCURY.

TO PREVENT ATTACK FROM THE AIR THE COMMANDER FLEW LOW OVER THE CHOTH CITY. ALL THEY HAD TO CONTEND WITH WAS THE MURDEROUS HAIL OF LASER PLASMA.

TRUE, BUT THEY HAVEN'T ATTACKED, BECAUSE THEY CAN'T! THEY ARE LOW ON FUEL PODS, AND THIS IS THE CHOTH'S ONLY SOURCE OF REPLACEMENT FUEL. THAT'S WHY YOU WERE CHASED BACK TO CHOTH. . . TO REVEAL THE LOCATION OF FUEL DUMPS—WHICH HENRY DID UNDER PRESSURE THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED ANYBODY ELSE. HOWEVER, THEY NEED THEIR OWN FUEL TO GET THE TANKERS THERE!

SO WE DESTROY THEIR FUEL AND THEY CAN'T GET TO OURS . . .

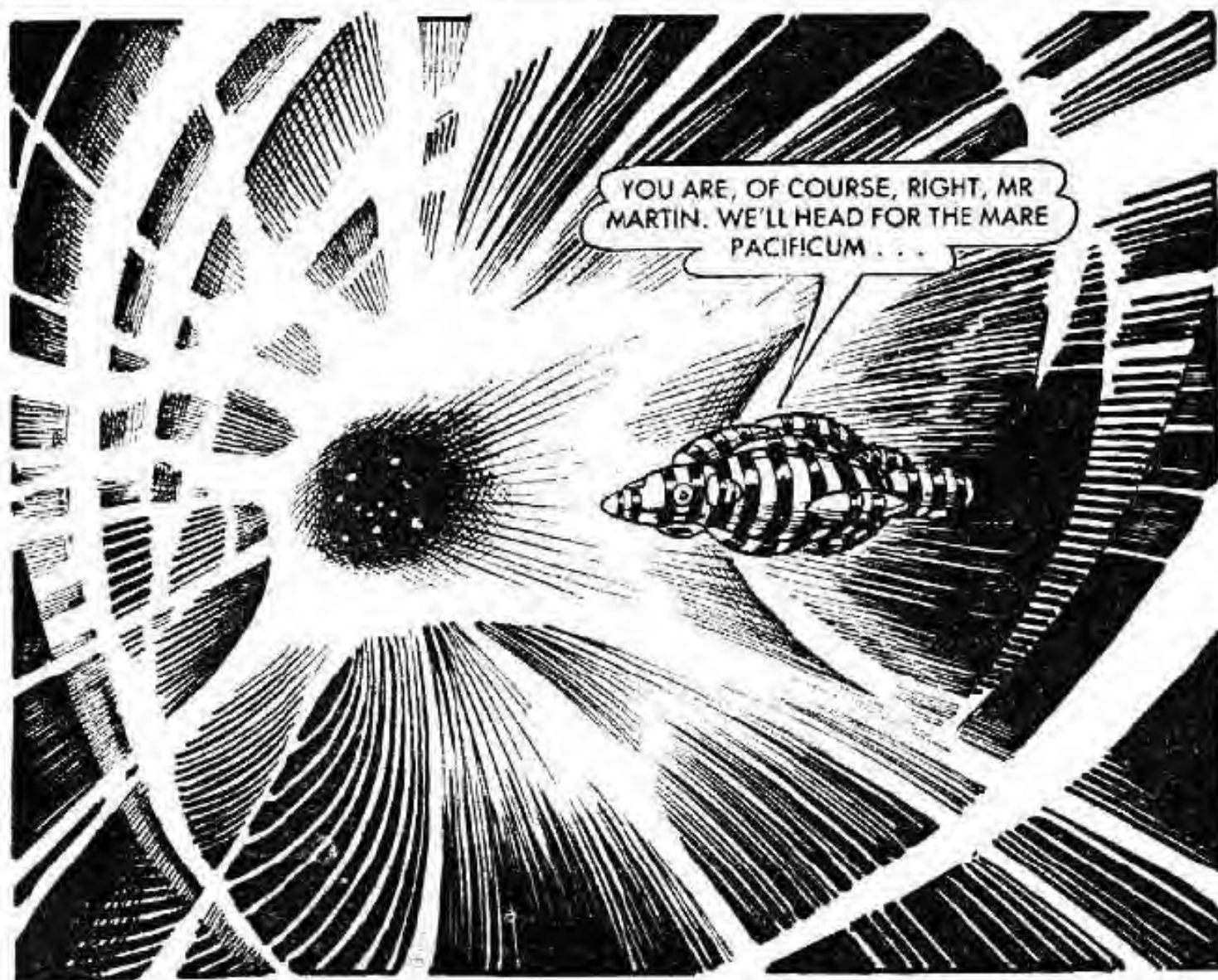
10KM. . . CLOSING. . . PROTON FLARES ARMED, SET FOR
GROUND STRIKE. . . 14 SECONDS TO DROP . . .

HIT! REAR
STABILISER . .


FIRE 1. . . FIRE 2. . . GONE, GONE!

GEE'S AIMING WAS SPOT ON—





TWENTY UNITS LATER THEY LANDED ON ONE OF THE MANY PARADISE WORLDS IN THE MARE PACIFICUM, A VAST SPACIAL SEA, FAR BEYOND THE BATTLE-GROUNDS OF MAN.



YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG, STEVEN MARTIN—WAR IS STUPID AND FUTILE. A MAN CAN ONLY IGNORE HIS CONSCIENCE FOR SO LONG. ALAS IT TOOK THE DEATH OF MY SON TO MAKE ME REALISE THAT I COULD NO LONGER IGNORE IT, AND SEND PEOPLE TO THEIR DEATHS. PERHAPS SOMEDAY WE CAN GO BACK TO A WORLD WITH NO WAR, NO GREED AND NOBODY SEEKING TO PROGRESS AT THE EXPENSE OF OTHERS. BUT FOR NOW WE'LL SIT ON THIS ISLAND PARADISE, FREE FROM KILLING AND THE PAIN OF DEATH. . . UNTIL WAR CATCHES UP WITH US.

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OTHER *ACTION-PACKED*
ADVENTURE**



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ON
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Hungarian Air Force Lieutenant Colonel Bertalan Farkas was launched in Soyuz 36 on May 26, 1980. His mission lasted 7 days 20 hrs. 46 mins. He was one of a series of "foreign" spacemen launched in USSR space vehicles.